

June 25th, 2009 started out like any other day. I drove to a local gym where I work taking care of children. All of a sudden, a Member walked in and announced that Michael Jackson had died. I was speechless. Suddenly the tears came and I was crying uncontrollably. It felt like I just lost a close family member and I had no idea why I felt this way. It was such a strong feeling. I have always liked his music and even went to a Michael Jackson concert once, but I did not consider myself a huge fan.

I went home and immediately turned TV on and saw it was really true. I felt so overwhelmed with sadness and grief that I started to pray for him. My children were small at the time so we went outside and drew a large heart in our driveway. Inside we wrote "We love you MJ" at which point I told my children that he could see us and he would really know that we love him. I thought to myself "You have to know the love we have for you."

I kept watching the news over and over again and felt compelled to pray for him every single night. I made a point of including him in my prayers and two weeks later felt his presence in our home. I kept asking myself "Why do I feel this way?" "What is happening to me?"

When I felt his presence in our house, I felt nervous and scared. Before we moved into our house, I knew that someone had died there which was confirmed by our neighbor next door. My husband was very busy working and I spent a lot of time alone, often unhappy. One night I was sitting on the bathroom floor and simply started to cry. I felt so lonely and unloved. Suddenly, I heard a voice that I did not recognize. He said "I can give you that love. You miss love. I miss that love too."